

# Children's Newspaper

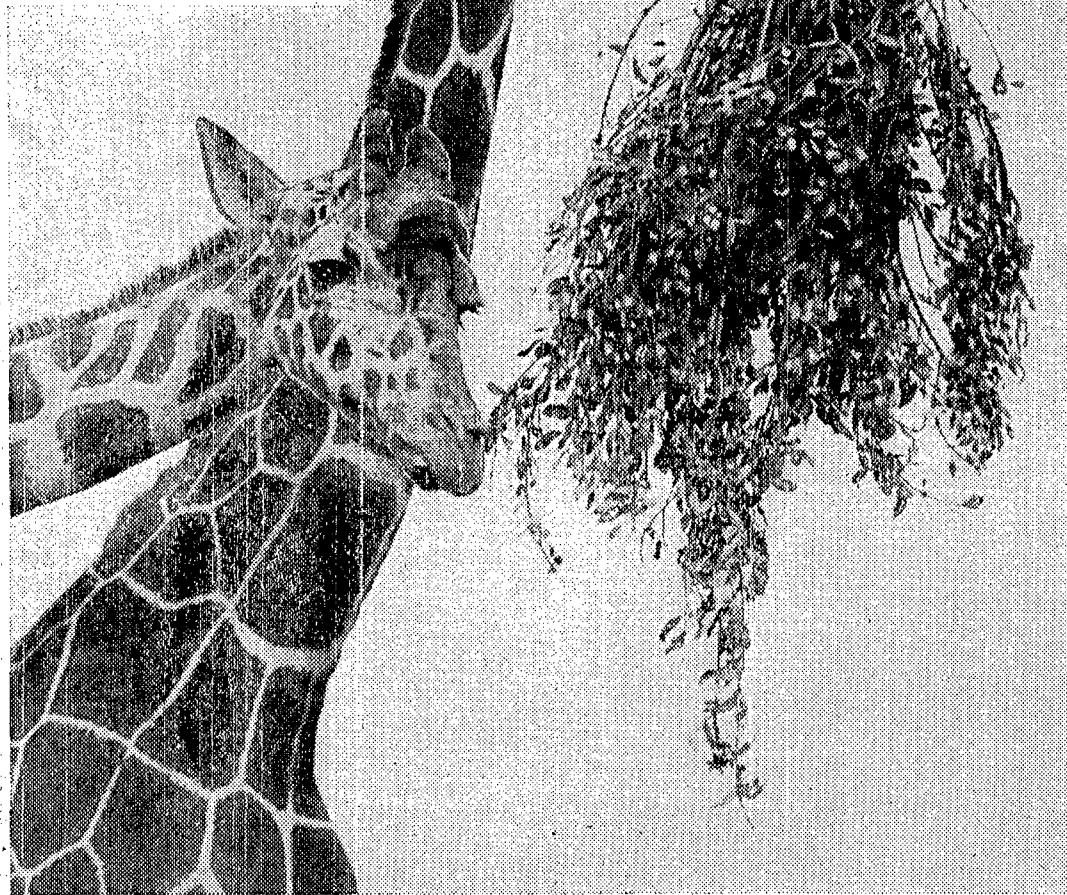
Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1940, May 26, 1956

## Lunchtime snack

Eating leaves off the trees is not allowed at the London Zoo, so Monty and Grumpy have a special bunch of leaves hung high up for them in their cage.



## WELSH CHILDREN CHOOSE THEIR PICTURES

On leaving the Pictures for Welsh Schools exhibition, which opened in Cardiff this month, boys and girls have been writing down the name of the picture they liked best and slipping it into a voting box. The result of this secret ballot will decide the pictures which will be hung in classrooms.

The exhibition is sponsored by the Society for Education through Art, which believes that children should see a wide range of original pictures during schooldays, so that they will grow up with some appreciation of painting.

Last year's show sold more than £900 worth of pictures to Welsh education authorities, and, for the most part, the artists have tried to capture the atmosphere of the towns and countryside in which the Welsh schoolchildren live.

The exhibition of 98 pictures will later visit Connah's Quay, Flintshire, in June, and Wrexham in July.

## YOUNG FARMERS TOUR USA

Two Welsh girls in a Young Farmers' Club group now on a five-month tour of the United States will present their hosts with Welsh dolls.

The twelve young people making the trip have been chosen from 70,000 members of the Young Farmers' movement throughout England and Wales as exceptionally good mixers and "ambassadors."

They will be welcomed at a National Convention in Washington. Each of them will then tour several States independently, living on American farms.

## FORCED RHUBARB

Rhubarb has been coming up through the pavement in Butts Close, Bridlington. There used to be a garden there, but last year the Corporation laid a pavement. But the rhubarb has come up just the same.

## RIVER PUT UNDER A BRIDGE

The towns of Decatur, Nebraska, and Onawa, Iowa, are only ten miles apart, but they are separated by the Missouri.

For years the people on either side had been pleading for a bridge, and in 1946 Congress agreed that army engineers should build one. Meanwhile, the famous river, which has a habit of changing its course, had moved from its normal bed into another channel.

The army assured everybody that the Missouri would soon return to its proper course, and built a mile-long bridge over the dry channel.

But for eight years since then the people of the two towns have had to use a ferry, for the river went on flowing half a mile from the end of the bridge.

So the army had to be called in again, and, with the aid of a large Government grant, was able to direct the Missouri in the way it should go—under the bridge.

## SHEPHERDS OF THE SAHARA

### The Australian who took his secrets to the African desert

*For centuries the fat-tailed Barbary sheep, herded by the nomads of the Sahara Desert, have cropped a bare existence from the stony soil. But the wool they produced was not of first-class quality and did not add to the wealth of Libya. Much of that will change now because of Malcolm Arnott, of Australia, whose story is told here by a C N correspondent.*

Away on the rich pastures of New South Wales, Malcolm Arnott was used to sheep with fine, rich fleeces. And so, when he was asked by the United Nations to go to Libya and teach the shepherds of the desert some of his secrets, he was astonished when he saw their flocks for the first time.

The Barbary sheep, though scraggy, is tough and able to face long dry spells without flinching. It is also famous for its long fat tail, which serves as a reserve of energy just as the hump does the

camel. Because of this the hardy sheep manages to produce milk and mutton despite a sparse diet. But it does not appear to have enough spare energy to produce fine white wool.

Malcolm Arnott's first job was to gain the confidence of the Libyan shepherds. He roamed up and down the meagre pastures where the 730,000 Barbary sheep graze, and talked to the shepherds. He talked to them about mechanical shearing and dipping and drenching their flocks. And he had with him a portable tank, which so improved the health of the sheep that the shepherds asked for second dips.

## SEEING FAULTS IN THE ATOM

The nearest approach yet made to "seeing atoms" was among the many fascinating experiences of the senior schoolboys and girls invited to the Royal Society's recent *Conversazione* in London.

It was made possible by photographs taken through an electron microscope. This highly magnifying instrument reveals platinum and copper atoms, not separately—they are much too close together for that—but as parallel lines on a crystal. Here and there "faults" in the rows of atoms can be seen, and these are of great interest because they play a part in the mechanical behaviour of metals.

Among many other exhibits seen by the young visitors were a gadget, called a compandor, which reduces the effect of noise and crosstalk in a telephone system; an apparatus for studying a greenfly in flight; and realistic models which demonstrated the "flow" of a glacier.

It must have been a memorable evening for them.

## PADDLING TO THE EXHIBITION

Members of the West Riding Regional Group of the Youth Hostels' Association have built three canoes at a cost of under £13 each, and will spend their summer holidays in them.

The last one to be built is to be shown at the Huddersfield Youth Festival Week Exhibition, and was paddled by its builder five miles to the city along a disused canal.

## NEW AND STRANGE

Then he asked them to look at their wool. Coarse, brown, and short, it was of little use for spinning and weaving. He showed them some of his rich Australian fleeces, and some of the lovely productions made from them. These shepherds, who had never before met a "man of the sheep" from another country, became interested.

They allowed Malcolm Arnott to import some Karaman sheep from Turkey. The Karaman won the praises of the Libyan shepherds. It is a fine, handsome animal, with a big body and tail, noted for its milk and for its pure fleece, free from coarseness and colour.

The first lambs from the new breed were much bigger than any the Libyan men had ever seen, and the beautiful soft white wool conquered their prejudices.

## ANXIOUS WATCH

The Karamans are now walking the desert pastures with the Libyan sheep and the shepherds are anxiously watching them. Will they survive the hot days and the cold nights of the desert pastures, and if they are cross-bred with the Libyans will the lambs produce as much meat and milk as the old breed? Gradually the tradition-bound shepherds are learning that if Libya is to have a woollen industry, then it must have better wool, and that can only come from better sheep.

Malcolm Arnott's work has not yet reached final success, but it is well on its way.



# PROBLEMS OF AUTOMATION

Automation is a new word; but it is a word which spells vast changes in industry. It represents yet another stage—and, perhaps, the most important stage so far—in the industrial revolution which started in earnest less than 200 years ago. Like every other stage in that revolution it is causing anxiety in the worker's mind that the machine will deprive him of his job. Automation will come more and more to dominate and influence all our lives. That is why the Cabinet and Parliament are most anxious that every-one should understand what it means.

FIRST of all, what is automation? In a sense, the great industrial countries started automation when machines which created the parts of a motor-car separately were organised to produce whole blocks of cars faster by the use of fewer separate processes.

This technique, known as mass production, has been with us for some years. Its further development is the role of automation.

But we are also moving one step nearer the use of the robot, the "mechanical man", the automaton moved by invisible works which imitates the actions of the brain.

## IDEAL WORKER

The "brain machine" used in automation is a machine, intricately devised, linked up with other machines that do the work. In its perfect form it requires only a push-button to set all the other machines producing in an endless stream the articles that are to be made. In its perfect form, it is the ideal worker, making no mistakes.

At all stages of this complicated process the human hand will be required, and the human brain will be needed to keep the machines running. Even a small breakdown of one of the parts could cause a serious loss of production. So far, so good.

Why do we need automation? Full employment has given it a great spurt forward. Manufacturers have found it harder and harder to make goods at prices low enough to compete with their foreign competitors.

Rising wages and other costs have made our articles dearer. It is common ground in Parliament and industry that unless we can export superior goods more cheaply we shall not eat. We cannot otherwise survive as a great industrial country which has to import much of its food and most of its raw materials.

Will automation create unemployment? There is no doubt that fewer man-hours will be needed to produce the same quantity of goods. The "automatic revolution" is therefore a very human problem. But the Minister of Labour has pointed out that the danger of unemployment in Britain would come not from being up to date, but from being out of date.

## LESS WORK, MORE LEISURE

Men will need to work less and will have more leisure. Real wages need not fall if we can sell the production we need. But leisure must mean something more than staring at a television set for hour after hour.

The craftsman must also be protected. We cannot afford to lose ancient crafts for which automation can never provide a substitute. It is on such problems that the Government and their advisers are now working, with the full co-operation of the Trades Union Congress.

## PLEASE HURRY...

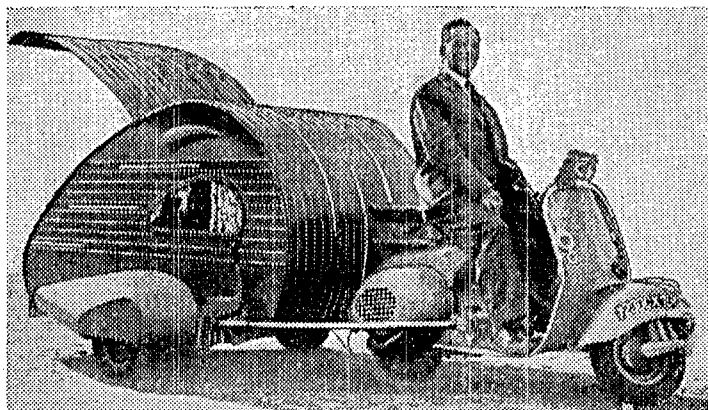
THE National Handwriting Test of 1956, organised by CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, closes in a few days' time. Completed entry forms must be received by

**FRIDAY, JUNE 1**

and they should be addressed to  
CN Writing Test 1956,  
3 Pilgrim Street,  
London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

The competition token, which must be attached to each form, is repeated on the back page of this issue, and will appear again—for the last time—next week.

If there is difficulty in obtaining all required copies of CN from the newsagent, an order should be placed with him at once!



Strange sight on wheels

An almost pocket-sized caravan which can be pulled by a motor-scooter was seen near Paris the other day.

# Where not a drum was heard

British and Spanish soldiers and sailors recently joined in paying tribute to Sir John Moore at Corunna, where the great general was buried in the ramparts in 1809—the dramatic incident we all remember because of Charles Wolfe's poem:

*Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;*

This was a battlefield burial. Sir John Moore was a commander of British forces during the Peninsular War against Napoleon and Spain was Britain's ally. He had checked the victorious invaders by boldly marching against their line of communication with France. Thus he drew against his own army a superior French one under Marshal Soult. Sir John Moore retreated to Corunna, where his weary troops beat off enemy attacks, and embarked in their ships at night.

But the British leader had been mortally wounded, and it was at his own request that he was buried in the ramparts. There was no time for ceremony:

*We carried not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory.*

It was Marshal Soult who suggested raising a monument to a gallant foe, and this was afterwards done by the Spanish general, La Romana.

## RAISING THE SPEED LIMIT

BEFORE many years have passed, the 40 m.p.h. speed limit will become general on all suitable stretches of road and the lesser limits now in force will be retained only in areas where faster traffic would threaten increased danger to life.

As Mr. Watkinson, the Transport Minister, begins his talks on this matter with local councils we might reflect whether all this will be an improvement.

On some big by-passes and trunk roads where there is now no limit the speed will come down to 40 m.p.h.—and this will be a benefit. The law, of course, is as effective as people make it. The new plan recognises the tendency for traffic to move faster than 30 m.p.h. in some built-up areas.

It is also a challenge. If traffic is to speed up we must be sure that our road-safety drill is perfect.

## WELCOME TO SCOTLAND

Three new signs have been set up by the Tourist Board at Berwick-on-Tweed, Gretna Green, and Prestwick Airport. In big blue lettering they say "Welcome to Scotland"; and, on the other side, "Haste Ye Back to Scotland."

# News from Everywhere

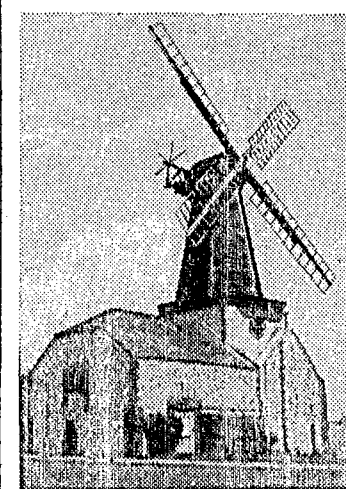
The Marine Society, founded 200 years ago, has helped more than 75,000 boys to take up a career at sea.

## ANOTHER COUNTRY WITH TV

Salvador is the latest country to transmit television programmes. All receivers are imported from the United States.

British equipment is to be used in Egyptian technical schools and colleges. The Egyptian Minister of Education recently placed a large order with manufacturers in this country.

## Down in Sussex



A reader's photograph of the old windmill at West Blatchington, Sussex. It was built in 1724 and is near enough to the coast to be a landmark for ships.

## QUICK WORK

Working normal hours, builders completed two three-bedroomed houses in eleven days in Barnsley, Yorkshire. The 30,000 bricks were laid in 32 hours.

Fourteen years ago a man digging in his garden at Poslingford, Suffolk, found what looked like an old brass ring. Recently his wife sent it to the British Museum. It proved to be a Saxon gold ring, and she has been paid £350 for it.

## BUYING BRITISH

Trans-Canada Airlines have chosen the Rolls-Royce Conway engine to power a fleet of jet airliners. This order is probably the first of other orders worth scores of millions of dollars.

The old Theatre Royal, Dumfries, is to be sold. Robert Burns was one of its early patrons.

A helicopter service between Birmingham, Leicester, and Nottingham will begin in July.

Eight hundred guide dogs have been trained in the 21 years since the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association was formed.

Copper strip only .00025 of an inch thick—one-twelfth the thickness of human hair—has been produced by an American company.

## WILLING HELPERS

When a factory lorry carrying nine tons of chocolates overturned near Trento, Italy, police were called to control children who arrived to clear the road.

For young

Theatre-lovers

## THE CABIN AT BARTONBRIDGE

Michael Elder

This exciting story of how an old barn was converted into a theatre against much opposition is based on the story of the Byre Theatre, St. Andrews. The author is himself an actor.

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## YOUNG MAYORESS OF LOSTWITHIEL

It is a little awe-inspiring to find oneself, at the age of 14, not only the youngest mayoress-elect in the country, but the first schoolgirl to fill that role in the "Ancient Royal Borough" of Lostwithiel, in Cornwall.

Certainly there is no prouder girl in the land than Elizabeth Liddicoat. When she and her friends at the Methodist West Cornwall School, Penzance, heard the news that Mrs. Doris Liddicoat, of Lostwithiel, had accepted the town's invitation to be its first woman mayor, they bubbled over with excitement.

The girls all know Elizabeth's mother, for Mrs. Liddicoat is



Elizabeth Liddicoat

one of the school's governors.

When mother asked her to act as mayoress, Elizabeth was a little overcome, but she is described as "a typical, normal schoolgirl," and having no exaggerated ideas of her own importance, is desperately eager that no fuss shall be made of her in her new role of mayoress. She is good at sport, particularly tennis and hockey, and is keen on riding. In fact, she is never happier than when she is dealing with animals.

As she grows older, she will more and more appreciate the beauty and historic traditions of Lostwithiel, with its 13th-century church, and the ruins of old Restormel Castle, where the Black Prince is supposed to have lived at one time.

Her father, Mr. Arnold Liddicoat, has every reason to be proud of his family, not only for the new honour conferred on his wife and daughter, but because his own father, Mr. Charles Liddicoat, now well over 80, was once Mayor of Lostwithiel.

One thing is certain, despite the excitement and honour of being the "Ancient Royal Borough's" mayoress, Elizabeth will not become swollen-headed. She has too much good sense.



### Queen's Scouts all

Six members of the 3rd Goodmayes Scout Troop who were all awarded their Queen's Scout badge at the same time. This has happened only once before in Scouting history.

### NEW RESERVOIR DROWNS OLD ROMAN CITY

It was a thrilling moment when Prime Minister Menderes of Turkey recently pressed a button to light up the southern Turkish towns of Adana, Mersin, and Tarsus. They lie round the head of Mersin Bay in the north-eastern corner of the Mediterranean.

The light comes from hydro-electric power provided by a big new dam across the River Seyhan about three miles outside Adana. This dam, creating an artificial lake or reservoir, has been built in four years by an American firm under the direction of an English consulting engineer.

Just before the flooding of the reservoir, the site of the Roman city of Augusta was found by an amateur archaeologist, Mr. Warrington Mitchell. Unfortunately, it was then too late to alter the plans of the dam, and once again Augusta has disappeared—this time beneath 100 feet of water.

### GLOBE-TROTTING REINDEER

Reindeer in Tanganyika sounds like snow in the Sahara, and people at Dar-es-Salaam Airport may well have blinked their eyes when they saw six of these animals arrive in a plane.

The reindeer had come from Swedish Lapland, and were on their way to the French Island of Kerguelen, in the southern Indian Ocean. There they are to be turned loose in the hope that they will thrive and provide food for the people of this remote whaling and fishing station.

In the sultry heat of Dar-es-Salaam chunks of ice were put into the reindeer's travelling crates for them to lick. Their fodder, Arctic moss, was kept fresh on ice.

### ANCIENT SPEAR IN A FIELD

In a field at Mansfield Woodhouse, Nottinghamshire, a workman found a piece of metal, six inches long, which has been identified as a Bronze Age spearhead. It is over 3000 years old, but the clay soil had preserved it in almost perfect condition.

## AN ELEPHANT CALLED ALICE

Alice, who was 110, is dead.

She was the most famous circus elephant in Australia, and is being mourned by thousands of children all over the island continent.

She retired from public performances only three years ago after more than 75 years of performing with the Wirth Bros. circus which tours Australia and New Zealand.

Alice's career was full of incident and of good deeds. She always used to lead the leading team of elephants, and a few years before her retirement she saved

the life of Miss Eileen Wirth when she was attacked by Jip, a bad elephant. Jip knocked her down one day, but Alice fought him off until help arrived.

In the 1930s Alice was among the distinguished guests at a big charity party given in the lion's den which was attended by many famous Australians, including the retiring High Commissioner for London.

Until only a few months ago she was still pushing circus trucks about with her big trunk.



### Where bad dogs go

Though looking friendly this Alsatian is being booked in at the "bad dogs" school at Bollington, Cheshire. Here he will be taught, like many other savage and bad-tempered dogs, how to behave. After training, many of the dogs from here are used in police and guard work.

### PAINTER OF HAPPINESS

A London exhibition of 55 paintings and drawings by the great French artist Renoir has been organised to raise funds to buy his house at Cagnes in the south of France. Money is also being raised in France, and it is intended that his house and garden shall become a centre where artists of any nationality can go and paint.

Renoir's house has been little altered since he died there in 1919. The garden, with its old olive trees, also looks much the same as in the days when the artist, crippled with arthritis, was wheeled about there in an invalid chair, a maidservant following with his painting materials.

This artist is famed for his masterly studies of happy scenes, and for his beautiful portraits of children. "My concern has always been to paint people like beautiful fruit," Renoir once said. Some of his happiest pictures of children are in the present exhibition, which is being held by Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd., at 17-18 Old Bond Street until June 23.

### THE WORLD IS NOT SO BIG AS WE THOUGHT

It appears that the world we live in is smaller than we thought—but not much. New calculations by scientists of the United States Army map service show that the circumference is about half a mile less than the figure generally accepted since 1909. The calculation for the distance from the Earth's centre to the equator was also found to differ from the 1909 measurement.

The correct figures are 24,902 miles for the circumference, and 6,975,336 yards from the centre to the equator.

### TAILPIECE

Hundreds of fox tails (brushes) are collected in the course of the year by the Hill Farming Committee of the Derbyshire National Farmers' Union; they pay £1 apiece for them. Usually they are destroyed, but the chairman of the committee, Mr. Ivor Morten, has had the idea that they would make beautiful Davy Crockett hats. So now a manufacturer is being sought.

## CAN YOU SPOT THESE DOGS?



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# LIFE ABOARD A LINER

## Dragon hunt

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH, who does Zoo programmes in BBC Television, is now in Indonesia hunting for more creatures to show us, especially the Komodo Dragon.

Just before he flew from London Airport recently he told me that it became his boyhood dream to meet, and if possible capture, this extraordinary reptile from the moment he read of its discovery in 1911. Ten feet long, it is the largest land lizard in the world, and is found only on the island of Komodo. Its favourite meal is deer.

"It may have been killed off during the Japanese occupation," said Mr. Attenborough. "We shall soon see!"

With cameraman Charles Lagus, he hopes to get close-up films of the dragon.

## Simplon jubilee

IN January I told you that John Lane, of Children's Hour, would soon be setting out for Switzerland to record celebrations commemorating the jubilee of the famous 12½-mile-long Simplon railway tunnel linking Switzerland with Italy.

Now, I hear, the recordings will be played in Saturday Excursion, on May 26. One was made in the cab of an engine passing through the tunnel.

## New Head of Children's Television

YOUNG viewers have cause to thank Miss Freda Lingstrom for many fine programmes since her appointment as Head of the BBC Children's TV five years ago. When she retires in July her successor will be Mr. Owen Reed,



Mr. Owen Reed

at present drama director in the West Region. Before the war he often acted in BBC Schools radio, and has since produced several television plays in the London studios.

Mr. Reed had an adventurous wartime career, being parachuted into Yugoslavia in 1943 on a special intelligence mission. He lives in a 15th-century Somerset farmhouse with his wife and four children—two boys and two girls.

## Cameras on the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth

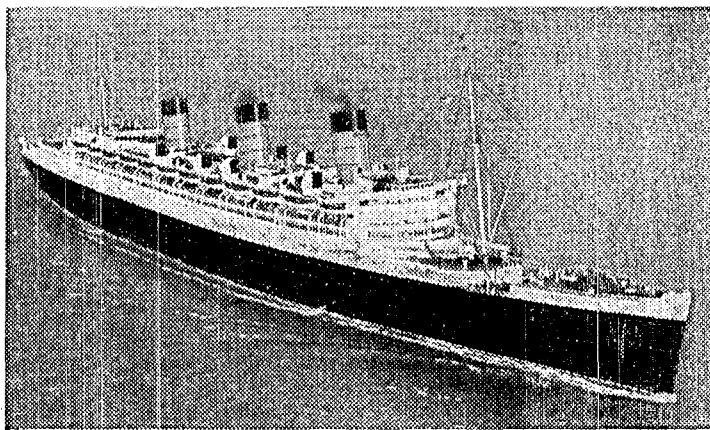
MANY of us must have watched the Cunarders Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary passing through the Solent, but few have actually been on board or even seen them at close quarters. BBC Television gives us the chance next week.

On Wednesday, May 30, a TV mobile unit will be run on board the Queen Mary the night before she sails from Southampton for Cherbourg and New York. Viewers will be taken on a tour of the ship during the busy preparations for the voyage. Another TV unit on land will show cargo and luggage being loaded and the scene in the luxurious Ocean Terminal.

Next day we shall see the Queen Mary on her actual leave-taking.

Producer Alan Chivers tells me that as the ship moves off cameras on board will be showing the dock-side scene and the people waving farewell until the moment when the long cables linking the ship-board cameras with the transmitter on land have to be disconnected. The Queen Mary will not be taking a transmitter to Cherbourg.

Ten days earlier, however, a transmitter will have been set up on the Queen Elizabeth. On her return from New York to Cherbourg, on Monday, June 4, cameras taken over there by the Queen Mary will be connected up with this transmitter. That evening viewers will see pictures from the Queen Elizabeth as she sails up Southampton Water.



## Wild-horse chase

A ROUND-UP of wild horses will be seen in the first of three Eurovision programmes on BBC Television next Saturday. In this afternoon broadcast the scene is the Merfeld marshes near Dülmen, Westphalia, where about 50,000 people arrive every year for the traditional branding of the Duke of Croys's stud.

After dancing and riding displays, the big moment comes as the wild horses are driven into the arena. Excitement runs high as country lads throw themselves into the mêlée, trying to catch the horses.

Later the same afternoon viewers will be taken to the Berlin Olympic Stadium for the second half of the Germany v. England Soccer match.

In the evening Saturday Night Out viewers will be escorted round Montmartre, in Paris.

## DOG RESCUED FROM A QUARRY

Several men recently risked their lives to save a dog that had been trapped for four days in a Cumberland stone quarry. It was a Border terrier, named Bess, which had scented a fox and disappeared in a hole.

Always in danger from landslides, the rescuers shifted hundreds of tons of rock with tractors. Food was dropped down the hole, and Bess was eventually brought up by means of a long rod with a noose at the end.

## One-way aerial

MOST television broadcasting stations radiate in all directions. An exception will be the new Independent TV station which the Marconi Company is erecting at Emley Moor, near Huddersfield.

About 800 feet above sea level, the 445-foot transmitting tower will have an aerial array specially arranged so that very little power is radiated westward. This is to avoid interference with the ITV station at Winter Hill.

## 21st Look

WHAT a procession of birds, and beasts, too, we can expect in Peter Scott's 21st edition of Look, in BBC Children's TV on Thursday. He intends to pick out some of the best film sequences in the previous 20 programmes, helped by Producer Desmond Hawkins.

ERNEST THOMSON

## CHIMNEYPiece

Ninety Derbyshire school-children the other day watched the felling of a hundred-foot chimney which had long been a local landmark. Built 22 years ago at a cost of £800 by Brailsford and District Farmers' Association, it was never used and had become known as the Folly of Brailsford.

New owners of the property decided to fell the chimney, and as part of their lessons in local history, the Brailsford children were taken to see its passing.

## IT HAPPENED THIS WEEK

## King creates new title

MAY 22, 1611. LONDON—A new rank of nobility is created by King James today by the institution of an order of "Baronets"—little barons.

Each "Baronet" must pay £1080 for the honour of adding "Sir" to his name and "Lady" to his wife's name. The money raised by this payment is to be spent in building towns and churches in Ulster and maintaining an army

there to prevent rebellions by native Irish chiefs.

In addition, the baronets must undertake to maintain 30 soldiers for three years at the rate of 8d. each per day for the King's service in Ireland.

The title is to be conferred only on any man who has a clear £1000 a year revenue from his land, and whose family has borne arms for as far back as his grandfather.

## Scots deserters surrender

MAY 23, 1743. OUNDLE, Northamptonshire—The 150 Highlanders who marched secretly out of their camp at Highgate, London, five days ago with the intention of forcing their way back to their Scottish glens, surrendered here to Major-General William Blakeney early this morning.

The Scots are soldiers of Lord Semphill's Highland Regiment, formed four years ago, and had been marched to London to embark for Germany and join the British forces fighting there.

Many of them believed that the terms of their enlistment in Scotland did not include foreign service, but despite dissatisfaction they appeared on parade on Finchley Common last week on the occasion of the King's birthday.

Four days later, soon after midnight on May 18, the 150, with their arms and 14 rounds of ammunition each, stole away.

As soon as their absence was known alarm spread through the country at the thought of what these "savage mountaineers" from the north might do.

No one knew exactly where they were, and General Blakeney arranged forces to cut them off.

On May 21 they were discovered strongly entrenched in ancient British earthworks on a hill surrounded by dense forest four miles from Oundle, and last night General Blakeney's forces moved up on them.

(The Highland Regiment, later became the famous Black Watch.)

## Duke of York in duel

MAY 26, 1789. WIMBLEDON COMMON, Surrey—A duel was fought here at dawn today between His Royal Highness Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, and Lord Charles Lennox, nephew and heir of the Duke of Richmond.

Lord Charles, a captain in the Coldstream Guards, had challenged the Duke, Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, because, he said, His Royal Highness had slandered him and attacked his honour as a gentleman.

The Duke's "second" at today's encounter was Lord Rawdon; Lord Charles was accompanied by the Earl of Winchelsea.

A distance of 12 paces was measured between the duellists, and when the signal was given Lord Charles fired his pistol. The ball grazed the Duke's side curl. The Duke fired his pistol into the air.

Lord Rawdon then declared that he thought enough had been done, but Lord Charles complained that the Duke had not fired at him.

The Duke refused to fire. "If Lennox is not satisfied," he said, "he can fire at me again."

Lord Charles said he could not fire at the Duke again, and both parties then left the ground.

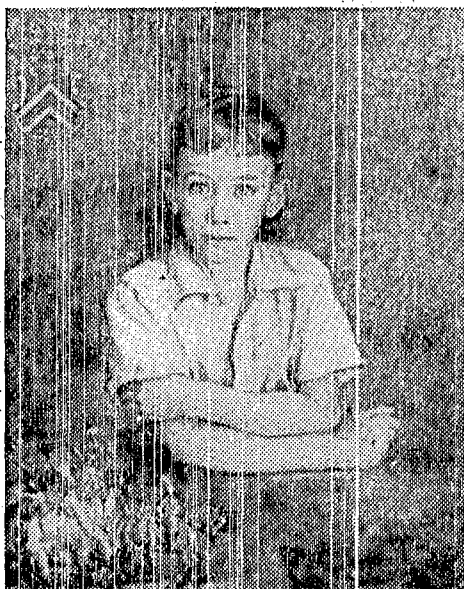


## Model church of a model village

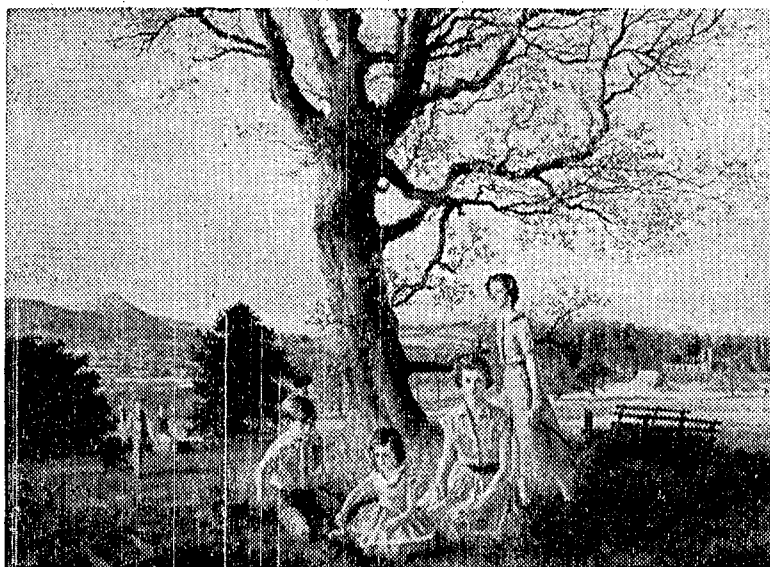
In the back garden of his home at Ripley, Surrey, Mr. Russell Bonner has built a miniature village, known to many thousands of visitors. Among the buildings is this model of Ripley Church, perfect in every detail—even to the sound of organ music from inside.



# Youth in the Picture at the Royal Academy



Edward Le Breton Laskey, by Grace Wheatley



The Wallace and de Winton children at Maesllwch, by Claude Harrison



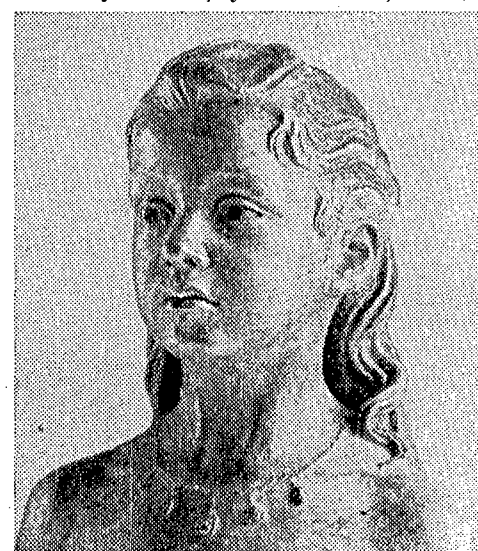
Mary Ramsden, by Arnold Mason, R.A.



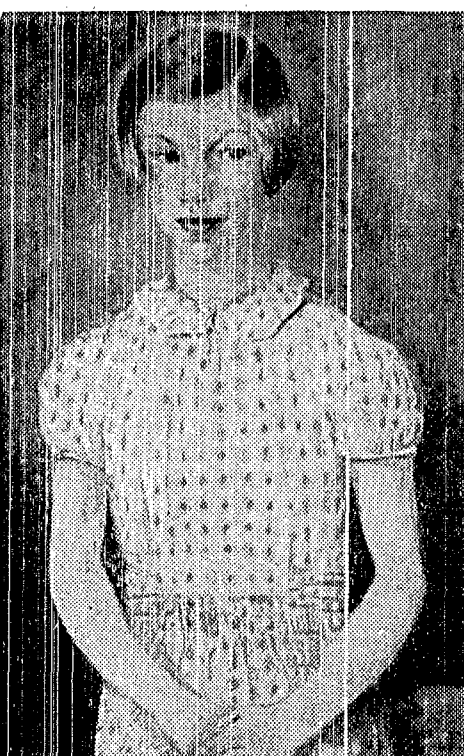
Francis, by Arnold Machin



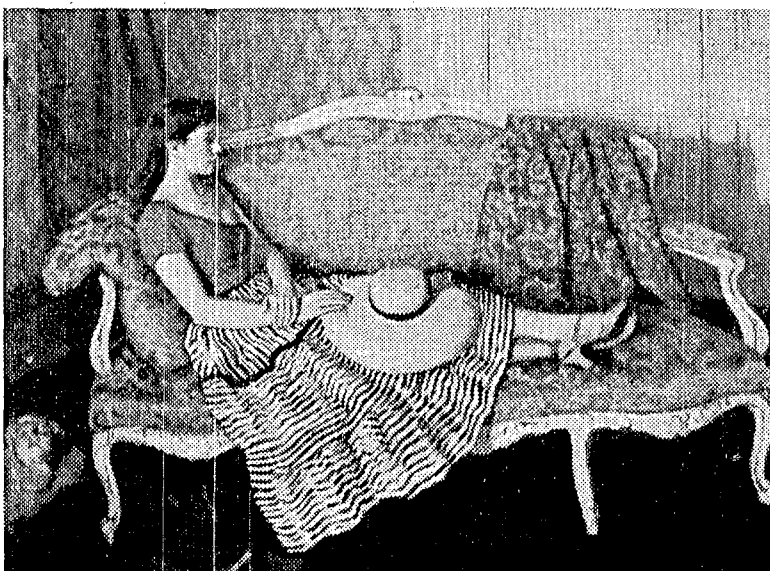
Virginia, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Fergus Ling, by A. K. Lawrence, R.A.



Ianthé, by Camilla Alexander



Rosemary Bryan, by Gilbert Spencer



Summer Days, by Francis Helps



The Marquess of Hamilton, by Allan Gwynne-Jones

In this year's Royal Academy exhibition, the 188th, there are many pleasant pictures of children. Grace Wheatley's portrait of Edward Le Breton Laskey shows a boy whose blue eyes are dreaming, it seems, of some tale of old chivalry; it is a composition in brown relieved by the trappings of the mounted soldiers with which he is playing. Claude Harrison has caught on his canvas a happy group beneath a tree at Maesllwch, in Radnorshire. The colours of the clothes—gold and rose and a wonderful magenta

hat—are set off against a changeable sky. There is splendid colour, too, in the shot silk dress of Arnold Mason's Mary Ramsden. Among the sculptures are a terra-cotta head of Francis, and a bronze Ianthe with highlights which make it seem alive. Gilbert Spencer's Rosemary Bryan is obviously a person of great character, and so is the little Marquess of Hamilton, with eyes wide open. Summer Days shows us a girl in a sea-blue blouse on a couch which seems to reflect summer sunlight through green leaves.

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# Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House  
Whitefriars, London, E.C.4  
MAY 26 ..... 1956

## GREAT DAY

MAY 24 is Empire Day, and it will be duly celebrated by boys and girls in thousands of schools in Britain and British lands overseas.

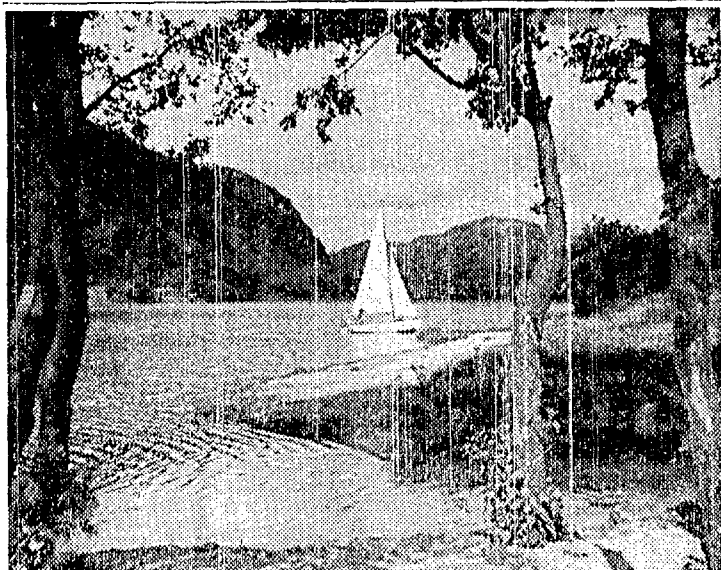
The word "empire" is unpopular nowadays, but it is to be hoped that Empire Day will never lose its significance. Lord Milverton, a Vice-President of the Empire Day Movement, eloquently expresses its aims in this year's message.

"It gives annual expression," he states, "to our faith in what the Commonwealth and Empire stands for—its activities in the maintenance of peace and goodwill amongst men and the furtherance of world prosperity.

"Many of us have memories of other-lands in which we have lived and worked and on this day, especially and consciously, our thoughts are of them and of those friends whose lives we shared for a while.

"Within our scattered family we have our difficulties and troubles, but this is a day in our busy lives when we pause to think of those great and gentle people of many races whose lives and work have added, and will continue to add, something more to the honourable record of the Commonwealth and Empire. We try to celebrate this day in many simple and happy ways."

In that message lies the keynote of the celebrations on May 24. Let us all observe Empire Day—and be proud.



OUR HOMELAND

## The Editor's Table

### JUMBO OUT OF BOUNDS

THE intelligence of elephants is at times almost uncanny. For instance, it is reported from the Wankie National Park in Rhodesia that elephants know where the unmarked boundary line of the sanctuary runs.

They leave the Park to raid crops in the neighbouring fields, and when pursued by hunters they scurry back across the boundary and trumpet defiantly!

Jumbo seems to be wise enough to know that hunters cannot pursue him into the Park. We can only hope that he will grow wise enough not to trespass, for trespassers nearly always get caught in the end.

### TO ENGLAND

By one who has long been away

O ENGLAND, how I yearn once more to see,

The primrose bordering thy pleasant brooks;  
The modest violet which coyly looks

From out the moss beneath some aged tree.

The hawthorn bursting into lavish flower,  
The honeysuckle in the twilight hour.

The orchards' nectar-laden blossoming,  
And soul-outpouring larks on joyous wing,

The winding lanes and hedge-embroidered ways,  
Those venerable castles of old days

Bewreathed with ivy, splendid in their fall.

Those cottages rose-girdled, where sweet reign

The air of home and freedom over all.

O England, I must see them once again!

V. E. D.

### LOST FOR EVER

LOST, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone for ever.

Horace Mann

### Recipe for success

QUALITIES essential for success as an Army officer were outlined recently by Lieut.-Colonel F. Evans in the Army Quarterly. Among them were: will-power to overcome unexpected difficulties; ability to discuss everyday affairs in an educated, tolerant, but definite manner and to "disagree agreeably"; sense of humour, and acceptance of well-informed criticism; decision in action and calmness in crisis.

Excellent qualities all, and ones that will bring success in any walk of life.

### Starting young



At the age of 20 months Maria Beard of Newport, Monmouthshire, visited the London headquarters of the British Red Cross Society to pay her subscription. She is the youngest associate member. With her is Jean Shayer, who will be in the guard of honour when the Queen Mother visits the headquarters on May 30.

### Out and About

THOSE flying flowers, the butterflies, are now appearing in ever greater numbers. Since early Spring a few have been seen on fine days. They were either awakened from their half-sleep, since last autumn, or else had just emerged from their cocoons.

Among those that have wintered here and have come out in the sunshine now are the bright Peacock, the Painted Lady, Small Tortoiseshell, and the Brimstone.

Such butterflies often look rather ragged, but there are also some newly arriving migrants from over the Channel or the North Sea. If Painted Ladies are seen in good condition and in considerable numbers now, they are certainly among this year's newcomers from abroad, and will soon be followed by many others.

C. D. D.

### JUST AN IDEA

As J. M. Barrie wrote: Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

### THEY SAY...

IT is just running round a track four times.

John Landy, on the four-minute mile

SOME think that education is merely a process of fitting an individual to earn a living... but a great school has to produce leaders, not merely technicians.

Lord Malvern

WHAT would not the historian give for a nice tidy file of a Roman newspaper published round about the time of the assassination of Julius Caesar, or for a complete run of the Sussex Sentinel round about 1066, or of The Stirling Guardian of 1314?

Sir Alexander Gray

THE nurse who thinks of her uniform and the line of her nylon stockings is a better nurse than the one who doesn't.

Lieut.-Col. G. H. Stevenson, surgeon, speaking at Kirkintilloch

### QUIZ CORNER

1. What is Mother-of-Pearl?
2. What is the size of a tennis court?
3. How many States are there in the U.S.A.?
4. What is the Domesday Book?
5. Is there any city in Great Britain, besides London, with an underground railway?
6. In which year was the Boys' Brigade founded, and by whom?

Answers on page 12

### Think on These Things

BEFORE His Ascension Jesus told His disciples to wait in Jerusalem until they received the gift of the Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit is sometimes called "the Comforter," which means the strengthener, and when we commit ourselves to Jesus and try to do what is right, God the Holy Spirit gives us the power and strength to succeed.

One of the works of the Holy Spirit is to tell us when something is not right in our lives and to help us to see that if it is wrong we must give it up. When we try to live close to Jesus we become more and more aware of things that are wrong in our lives: it is the Holy Spirit at work in us.

O. R. C.

### Thirty Years Ago

From the Children's Newspaper, May 29, 1926

TODAY we acclaim in Roald Amundsen a man who has flown hundreds of miles north of Agricola's "limits of the world," and sailed and tramped to the uttermost south of the regions where, in spite of ancient belief, trees do grow root-down and people walk upwards. He now wears the triple crown of every explorer's desire—the North-West Passage, the South Pole, and the North Pole.

The Children's Newspaper, May 26, 1956

## Next Week's Birthdays

May 27

Sir John Cockcroft (1897). Eminent physicist and Director of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell since its beginning, in 1946.

May 28

Thomas Moore (1779-1852). Irish poet. Writer of graceful,



popular, and profitable lyrics, especially for the collection called Irish Melodies set to music by Sir John Stevenson. Also wrote a biography of

his friend Lord Byron.

May 29

Charles II (1630-1685). After years of poverty and exile abroad he came to England on Cromwell's death determined never "to go on his travels again." He was tolerant in an intolerant age and had a sense of humour, but neither in private life nor in politics had he much conscience.

May 30

Mark Hambourg (1879). World-famous pianist. Born in Russia, but now a naturalised British subject, he first played in London in 1890. By 1907 he was on his third tour of the U.S.A. One of the first great players to become widely known by means of the gramophone.

May 31

Peter Fleming (1907). Travel-writer and soldier. As special correspondent of The Times he travelled widely in Asia. Of his books, Brazilian Adventure is a wonderful description of a journey through the Amazon jungles, and News from Tartary tells of a journey across China to India. He is married to the famous actress Celia Johnson.

June 1

John Masfield (1878). Poet



Laureate since 1930. Spent his early years as a sailor before the mast. His first published verse was Salt-Water Ballads, and he also edited

an account of the voyages of the great explorer Dampier.

June 2

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928). Novelist and poet. Born in a village near Dorchester and trained as a church architect. His novels are of the essence of Dorset and the West Country. His greatest work was The Dynasts, an epic poem of England and the Napoleonic Wars.



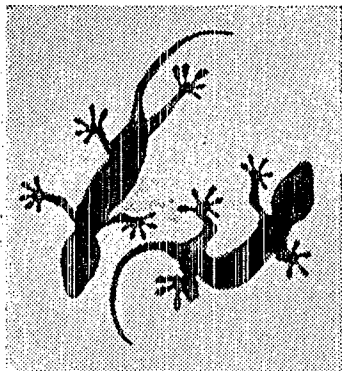
The Children's Newspaper, May 26, 1956

## ZOO NEWS

# THE GECKO WILL BE A GREAT PET

A GECKO egg, one of two recently found in an old building in Uganda and sent to the Zoo, has hatched in the incubator at the reptile house laboratory. The baby, which measures just over an inch, came from a white-shelled egg the size of a pea. It is a lively and incredibly dainty infant, and is feeding so well on fruit-flies that the staff have every hope that it will be reared.

It will not be going on exhibition, however. "We want to bring it up in the laboratory," said Overseer R. Lanworn. "It will become our 'mascot,' replacing a chameleon which we used to keep as a pet. These little geckos, or, house lizards, become very tame and make amusing pets. We hope that one day this one, with



Geckos, clinging to a vertical glass surface

its tiny 'adhesive' feet, will be shinnying up and down the laboratory walls and running across the ceiling."

At the Children's Zoo, Cookie, a tame Bennett's wallaby, has staged a welcome surprise for the staff there. The other afternoon hostesses found Cookie, who is free to roam the enclosure, surrounded by a group of excited children. They were amazed and delighted to see the tiny head and ears of a baby bobbing up from the pouch.

"Baby wallabies measure only an inch or so at birth," an official told me, "and it is impossible usually for anyone to know when one has been born, as the infant is immediately put into its mother's

pouch and remains there unseen for quite a long time. This youngster must have been born several weeks ago.

"We are continuing to let the mother mix with visitors, and hope that before long Cookie will allow her infant out of her pouch for short spells. Cookie herself is quite used to children, so we hope her baby will also be friendly with visitors right from the start."

## POPULAR JOB

Incidentally, the job of "hostess" at the Children's Zoo, normally open to girls of about 17 years of age, must be one of the most popular in all London. Zoo officials are still receiving numerous applications, although there are no vacancies for the current season. Fifteen girls are now working in the enclosure.

"We have never had such a long waiting list," one official said. "It is difficult to understand why there should be such a flood of applicants, for the starting wage is only a little over £5 per week, and of course the work is temporary only, ending in early autumn for most of the girls. But although we cannot take on any more staff here, we always try to be helpful, and many of the applicants have been referred to other 'pets' corners."

## GANNET GUARDS

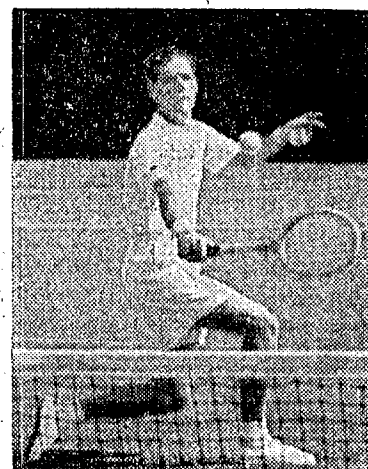
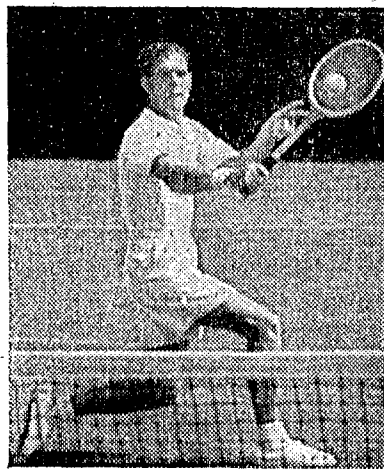
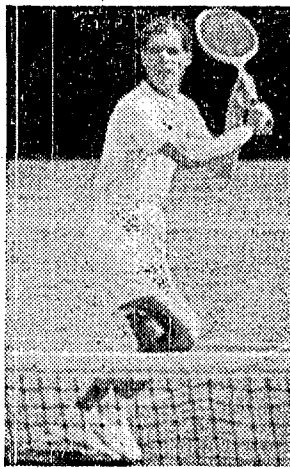
Among the many birds now sitting on eggs in the Gardens is a gannet, or Solan goose, at the Southern Aviary. At first officials feared that the eggs might meet with disaster, for the aviary contains a number of black-back gulls, who would make short work of a gannet's egg, given the chance.

The gulls, however, are not being given any chance whatever, for the sitting gannet has found a number of useful allies in a half-dozen other gannets who also live in this enclosure. All the gannets seem to have taken a paternal interest in the eggs, and remain constantly on guard.

"As things are, prospects of our getting some young gannets hatched now seem good," said Mr. John Yealland, curator of birds. "Gannets have been bred in this aviary before, but not since the war."

CRAVEN HILL

## LEARNING TENNIS WITH TONY MOTTRAM



## 4. The Backhand Volley

The backhand volley grip is your backhand drive grip, the thumb across the handle not along it. Notice how I have immediately turned sideways to the net and the approaching ball. You must watch the ball very carefully to judge its flight.

I find it easier to play this stroke if I support the "throat" of the racket with my left hand, which helps me to control the short backswing. The stroke is played with a firm wrist and lots of punch, the ball being hit when it is level with the right shoulder.

Here the ball is level with my right shoulder, and I am just about to hit it. Notice how my footwork has brought me into exactly the right position—sideways to it, giving the ball plenty of room, but bringing it nicely within reach. This picture, too, shows how the weight of the body should be on the foot nearer the net as the ball is hit. This gives power to the stroke.

Make quite sure you bend your knees, not your back, when you get down to the ball. This allows you to keep the head of the racket well up throughout the stroke. Remember to grip your racket firmly, and not let your grip go slack as you strike the ball. The left arm is also playing its part—in helping to balance my body.

The finish of the backhand volley. Notice particularly how short the complete swing has been from start to finish. The muscles of my right forearm show how firmly I am still gripping the racket; this ensures a solid stroke. Again, as in the other two pictures, I am keeping my back straight and staying down after hitting the ball. Do not allow your head or shoulders to jerk upwards as the ball is hit.

Remember, too, that good length is just as important when volleying as it is with either the forehand or backhand drive; good length comes from control, and this comes from regular practice. Always try to be well within the service line when volleying.

### ELIZABETHAN MANOR OPENED TO PUBLIC

Avebury Manor, an Elizabethan house set in a part of Wiltshire steeped in 4000 years of history, has been opened to the public this season for the first time. It is a 16th-century house just outside the famous stone circle in which the village stands. The public will be admitted every day except Mondays and Tuesdays until the end of September.

## SUCCESSFUL EMIGRANTS

A Scot who was a brilliant pupil in his schooldays at Crieff, Perthshire, has been appointed Secretary of the Canadian Treasury. He is Mr. David M. Watters.

Emigrating to Canada at the age of 17, he worked as lumberjack, miner, farm hand, and railwayman until joining the civil service in 1930. He worked his own way through university.

### CANADA'S FLYING SAUCER

Under development at Malton, Ontario, is the world's first "flying saucer"—a vertical-rising jet plane, known to its design team as "Project Y."

Looking as though it has flown straight out of the pages of a science fiction novel, "Project Y" is oval in shape and measures 40 feet across its broadest part. It is powered by a huge jet engine, the exhaust of which is distributed to the raised centre of the aircraft (it resembles an inverted saucer) by more than 100 spoke-like ducts. At the bottom of each duct nozzle is a hinged flap, and it is by raising and lowering these that the pilot manoeuvres the aircraft.

The saucer has been designed by John Frost, a chief engineer at Avro Aircraft. But the machine owes much to research work undertaken by M. Henri Coanda,

a Rumanian now living in France.

M. Coanda discovered that a jet of gas coming from a rectangular nozzle can be deflected not only by a flap placed in the jet, but also by one placed below.

On the "Project Y" this principle has been applied to the control flaps, which are hinged at the base of the duct nozzles, away from the fiery jet exhaust.

## NEW SCOUT VENTURE

An International Scout Club has been founded in London to help Scouts of other lands who are visiting or working in Britain. It has a Venturer Section, whose members will welcome overseas lads in their homes, and an International Weekend Camp has also been planned.

The Venturers will in their turn visit Scouts abroad. Trips have already been arranged to Germany, Denmark, Austria, Sweden, Finland, and Switzerland.

## STAMP ALBUM



### TRIBUTE TOMOZART

THIS AUSTRIAN STAMP IS AMONG SEVERAL ISSUED THIS YEAR TO MARK THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF MOZART'S BIRTH. ON THE RIGHT IS AN EARLIER CZECH ISSUE DEPICTING THE NATIONAL THEATRE AT PRAGUE, WHERE HIS OPERA DON GIOVANNI WAS FIRST PERFORMED, IN 1787.

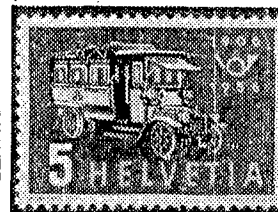


### FATHER OF MODERN ASTRONOMY



COPERNICUS WAS THE FIRST MAN TO SUGGEST THAT THE EARTH AND OTHER PLANETS REVOLVE ROUND THE SUN. THIS THEORY WAS OPPOSED TO CHURCH TEACHINGS AND FEAR OF PERSECUTION CAUSED HIM TO DELAY ITS PUBLICATION UNTIL HIS LIFE WAS DRAWING TO A CLOSE. THIS STAMP WAS ISSUED IN HIS NATIVE POLAND IN 1943, JUST 400 YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

### MOTOR COACH POST



SWITZERLAND HAS HAD A POSTAL MOTOR COACH SERVICE FOR JUST 50 YEARS. THE NEW STAMP AT THE TOP SHOWS THE ORIGINAL COACH

WHICH RAN FROM BERNE TO DETLIGEN. ONE OF THE MODERN VEHICLES IS PICTURED ON THE OTHER STAMP.



In the Country with **THE HUT MAN**

# THE STOAT AT BRACKEN BANK

BRACKEN BANK overlooks the Meadow, rising steeply from the burn at Larch Corner, where the wrens had the vocal duel which I recently described. In summer it is a slanting forest of tall bracken, but in May there are grassy slopes between the tangle of dead, golden stems.

It was on a sunny day that I sat down to rest at the foot of these rocks after a long Hut Country ramble with Mowgli, my Cocker spaniel. Below us the burn wandered through the meadow, a narrow silver ribbon edged with the gold of kingcups, and the song of an invisible skylark came down to us from the depth of a blue sky.

## PLAY-TIME IN THE SUN

Mowgli, in the wise way of dogs with nothing better to do, fell asleep with nose between paws, and I sat watching three little rabbits, just old enough to leave the burrow, feeding and playing on the sunny turf of Larch Corner far below me. Half-way up Bracken Bank their burrow mouth was partly concealed by a yellow broom bush, and here the mother rabbit rested, her ears drooping, her eyes almost closed, her only movement the occasional lazy flick of an ear to ward off a too attentive fly. It was the most restful scene imaginable—till the stoat came.

I saw him first as a flicker of white among tall grasses edging the stream bank; then his whole lithe little red body emerged and he sat upright, balanced on his tail, his white breast gleaming and black eyes sparkling in the sunlight. There he sat, intently watching the infant trio who played on unaware of this addition to their audience; then the mother saw him.

My attention was again attracted

to the burrow mouth by the thump-thump of the rabbit danger signal, a sound created by the muscular hind legs beating the hard ground. It was difficult to realise that the now startled creature was the unconcerned rabbit that had dozed so peacefully a few seconds before. Her ears were hard-pressed along her back, white circles showed round her starting eyes, her sides panted



His white breast gleaming and black eyes sparkling

in and out to her heavy breathing, and every now and then her hind-quarters vibrated to her thumping warning.

The little ones either did not hear her or had not learned the meaning of that urgent signal. They loped around in their corner, chasing each other and nibbling, and all the while the stoat watched them with eager concentration. Suddenly he dropped to all-fours again, ran across to a reed cluster, and began to approach the little

rabbits in a series of short runs and pauses.

What should I do? It is essential that the number of rabbits be kept down (this was before the horrible plague had been released among rabbits), and it is one of Nature's laws that stoats prey on them, yet we always feel sympathy for the weaker side. Should I allow the stoat to have its way, or should I send Mowgli scampering down the bank to scare the youngsters to their burrow?

I was on the point of releasing my now interested companion when something happened; something I would not have missed for worlds.

## MOTHER RABBIT ATTACKS

There is no doubt the old mother rabbit was still terrified, but something stronger than fear of an ancient enemy took possession when she saw the danger threatening her family. With a spring she left the burrow mouth; like a furry 'thunderbolt' she hurtled down the steep slope.

Straight for the stoat she headed, and on reaching him she did not pause. Leaping over his momentarily startled body, she lashed out with her powerful hind legs, administering a blow, the force of which I have experienced when taking a full-grown rabbit from a wall cranny. That buffet caught the stoat full on his side, bowling him over in a double somersault to lie motionless on the grass, while the rabbit, racing round her young ones, sent them helter-skelter for the safety of the family burrow.

## UNSTEADY HUNTER

One, two, three, four, they disappeared underground, while Mowgli and I hurried down the bank to discover what had happened to the stoat. He had been winded, badly winded, and it was an unsteady, sickly hunter that wobbled from us to the security of the tangled stream bank.

Then we visited the burrow and there Mowgli crammed podgy shoulders in at the entrance, sending loud, congratulatory sniffs down the dark, winding passage.



## School for railway clerks

One of the many important sides of British Railways is the looking and clerical branch. At Watford, Hertfordshire, a dummy booking office has been built so that trainees can practise issuing tickets and checking connections.

## THE SHACKLETON SAGA

The scientists who are now probing Antarctica's secrets owe much to their forerunners, the brave pioneers who first faced the hazards of the Great White South. One of the greatest of these pioneers was Sir Ernest Shackleton, whose story, told in pictures, begins on this page next week.

Sir Ernest did not quite succeed in reaching the South Pole, but his adventures are an epic of Polar exploration. He trekked with his party through wastes never before trodden by human feet; he drifted for weeks on a dwindling floe; he made a voyage of 800 miles in an open boat. And it was while leading another Antarctic expedition that he died, in 1922, in South Georgia, when only 48.

Antarctica held a strange fascination for Sir Ernest Shackleton from boyhood days, and he grew to love its scenes of grandeur—the glaciers, the snowy mountains, the icy cliffs. Gladly he accepted the

dangers and cruel hardships which were then the lot of those who set foot in the silent, mysterious regions of the Far South.

Restless among the comforts of civilisation, he once told an audience at the opening of a charity show that he was "more at home opening a tin of sardines." Home for him was a snowbound hut or tent, with the bearded faces of his trusted fellow-adventurers round him.

Sir Ernest lives in the memory of those who knew him as a kindly, gentle, modest person, but above all as a great leader. Always he placed his men's welfare before his own; always he was cheerful when things were at their worst. The Boss, as they called him, inspired love and respect in all who followed him.

Those who today venture where he blazed a trail remember his words: "Death is a very small thing and knowledge very great."

## THE LION OF ST MARK—new picture-version of G. A. Henty's thrilling story (final instalment)



The Venetians blocked the channels at Chioggia, but they were now too exhausted to fight if the Genoese should come out and attack them. They made Pisani promise that if Admiral Zeno had not arrived in four days' time the siege of Chioggia would be abandoned. Days passed and there was no sign of Zeno. But on January 1, 1380, a look-out sighted a fleet on the horizon and later identified the ships as Venetian.



Admiral Zeno was tumultuously welcomed at Venice. But he had known nothing of the dire straits to which his countrymen were reduced. He had been returning home after a successful cruise during which he had captured nearly 70 Genoese ships. Now his vessels brought food for the starving people and soldiers of Venice, while he and his well-fed men took over the task of besieging the enemy at Chioggia.



The Republic of Genoa made desperate but unavailing attempts to relieve her garrison shut up in Chioggia. In July 1380 the beleaguered Genoese were forced by hunger to surrender, and 19 ships and a great quantity of arms fell into the hands of the victors. The Doge of Venice, accompanied in the big state gondola by Pisani and Zeno, led a triumphal procession on the Grand Canal amid scenes of wild enthusiasm.



Meanwhile, Signor Polani had guessed that his daughter Giulia was in love with Francis. When the young Englishman came to his house after the celebrations the merchant asked him if he had any request to make. Boldly Francis declared his love for Giulia. Two months later they were married. Peace was made with Genoa, and the pair lived prosperously in Venice, paying occasional visits to Francis's father in London.

Beginning next week: A picture-version of Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic expeditions



Concluding

# BLUE JOHN SECRET

by Garry Hogg

## 14. The Jigsaw Complete

"I OFTEN think," said Bruce, "how interesting it would be if every ingredient in a puzzling case could be represented by a differently shaped and coloured piece of wood. Then, when a mystery was finally solved, you could take each piece of wood and show how it fitted in among the others, building up the complete picture. All that would remain to do would be to fasten them together so that they held in position, get a piece of string and a couple of screw-eyes, and hang them on the wall of your room!"

"As a perpetual reminder," Mrs. Brownlow said, smiling, "of your astuteness!"

"Plus a substantial measure of collaboration?" Bruce added

vious day he had narrowly escaped death as a result of that wing-tip contact. "It will be a long time before I forget my five-star point-to-point flight," he added, and felt in his pocket for his tobacco-pouch to refill his pipe.

"No one has mentioned the Blue John Secret yet," John said, speaking for the first time. He sounded impatient, which in the circumstances was hardly surprising.

"Surely we can be told now?" Nessa asked Bruce, and we all held our breath as we waited for his answer.

There had been a great coming and going since the episode that had led to the death of the sailplane pilot on the grim face of Mam Tor, the Shivering Mountain. Police, of course, had turned

possess substantial reserves, and it was these that had to be so carefully guarded."

I could not help wriggling with self-satisfaction at what Bruce was saying. Where I had read or heard about the storing of radium I just could not remember, but I did know that it involved the use of enormous quantities of lead, to keep the radiation from getting out of control and so doing harm instead of good. Lead, in the form of massive bricks!

### Unexpected discovery

"Our store of this precious element was divided up," Bruce went on. "And one portion of it, worth not far short of a quarter of a million pounds, was transferred secretly to Bleakshaw Cavern. There it was buried inside a massive containing wall of lead bricks. The lead-brick wall was then enclosed in a second wall, this time of earth and heavy timbering. That, of course, was the lead and earth and timbering which John so unexpectedly discovered with his miner's pick."

"But why is it still there?" I asked. "Surely someone, when the war ended, would have gone and collected it?"

"The answer, strangely enough, is an absurdly simple one," Bruce said. "It was lost!"

"Lost?"

"By an extraordinary chance—or perhaps, considering the intensity of the bombardment in those now almost-forgotten days, it is not so extraordinary—the building in which the documents were kept that recorded the whereabouts of this radium cache received a direct hit from a V2 and was blown to smithereens. The small handful of men who knew about the transfer of the radium to its secret storage-place up here in Derbyshire belonged to the organisation which operated in that building, and they lost their lives when the bomb fell."

"But how did the man with the big car, who tried to smash us all up, know anything about it?" Nessa asked.

Bruce looked across at John.

### Sworn to secrecy

"Through a chance meeting with your odd acquaintance, Daft Sammy. Daft Sammy had been one of the gang of labourers employed to dig out rock in Bleakshaw Cavern in readiness for the arrival of the radium. Like everyone else, he was doubtless sworn to secrecy—if, in fact, he was officially told the purpose of the digging. But the bomb that fell when he happened to be wandering about rather too close to Bleakshaw, though it did not kill him, loosened his wits, let us say. He started talking from time to time about 'buried treasure.' None of the locals, of course, took any notice. But the Sling Specialist

"You mean, the owner of the big car," I interrupted.

Bruce looked at me steadily for a moment, and then at the others in turn.

"One and the same person," he said slowly. "An interest in gliding brought him, very naturally, to this district. A chance meeting with Daft Sammy gave him, shall we say, another interest."

"Daft Sammy wasn't all that daft, though," John said, as though he felt he ought to defend him. "At least, he put him onto the wrong cavern."

"What I don't understand," Nessa said slowly, "is why that man tried to—to do us all in that time, by pushing our car off the road with his."

Bruce smiled his slow smile.

"He was a man with a bad record, at home here and abroad. He and I have met one another before, some years ago. When something big was at stake, there was nothing he was not prepared to try. An 'accident' with his car. That did not come off. He tried a second time, chance having apparently thrown me into his clutches.

Sailplane accidents *can* happen, of course, he will have argued, and what a stroke of luck if Bruce Halliday was involved in one!"

"Don't, please!" urged Nessa.

"All's well that ends well, isn't it?" Mrs. Brownlow said. "The immensely valuable store of radium has been traced and will be returned to its owners—"

"Thanks to John," put in Bruce.

"And Nessa and Lance," John said quickly. "I couldn't have done what I did all on my own."

"And Bruce is safe," I said.

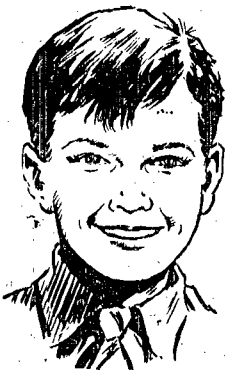
"And his car well on the way to recovering health and strength, so I was told by phone an hour ago," Bruce announced.

"And your holiday up here only part-way through," said Dick, looking round at us all. "And the weather looks set-fair, with the wind in the right quarter, just where we want it."

"Gliders, not miners any more!" Nessa muttered to John; and it was easy to see that she was not altogether sorry!

The End

## THANKS TO JENNINGS



A grand new Anthony Buckridge story about this famous radio schoolboy (not forgetting his friend Darbshire) begins in next week's C.N. Order your copy now.



quickly, with a glance across at John and Nessa and me. "And perhaps a more than generous contribution from a little god called Luck."

"What queer-shaped pieces some of them would be," Dick said. "And how apparently unpromising a good many of them. For instance—"

"The hindquarters of a man unexpectedly backing out of a tunnel in a Blue John mine," I said.

"A quite ordinary black saloon car belching so much exhaust-smoke that its number-plate was always screened by it," Nessa said.

"A chance conversation between alert-minded John and a character known locally as Daft Sammy," said Bruce.

"Rather a pathetic figure, as it turns out," said Dick Brownlow, "since he happened to be in the region of Bleakshaw Cavern when the bomb fell that simultaneously caused the landslide and knocked him endwise, so that he never afterwards quite returned to normality."

### Impatience

"And the stranger flying that beautiful Sling Special, who appeared so mysteriously on your Gliding Club's territory about the same time as I did, and seemed so oddly anxious to make contact with me," Bruce said. He spoke so cheerfully and lightly that it was hard to believe that only the pre-

up, including a high-up from Scotland Yard, and there had been other uniformed men whom we could not quite place. Cars had come and gone. The telephone had been ringing off and on all afternoon and evening, and most of this morning, too.

Of course, we had expected to be very much in demand for questioning, but to our disappointment we had not been. Or not very much, anyway. There was an air of secrecy still about the whole matter, whereas we had naturally hoped to take a leading part in proceedings.

### Self-satisfaction

"Yes, I think you can be told now," Bruce answered. He bent over his pipe, drawing hard at it and emitting huge clouds of blue smoke into the air that reminded me for a moment of the exhaust smoke of that big car that bowled us over into the ditch and had so nearly been the end of us.

"During the war," Bruce began, "it was vital to preserve such stocks of radium as the country possessed. Not for offensive purposes, mind you, but because without radium the great hospitals and clinics where X-rays were used to diagnose and cure could no longer carry on their invaluable work. Each hospital, of course, had its own small supply of this precious radium for day-to-day use. But England was lucky enough at the outbreak of war to

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## THRILLS OF EXPLORING THE PAST

People with an eye for interesting relics of the past need never be bored. This is made clear to young Brian and Ann Martin in Frederick W. Robins' new book: *On the Track of the Past* (Phoenix House, 12s. 6d.). It is all about an exciting holiday, told as a story but founded on fact.

BRIAN and Ann have come with their mother to a country village for a holiday and, at first, can see little prospect of excitement. "I don't know what on earth we are going to do for a fortnight in this place," growls Brian.

Then Mr. Hamilton appears and the excitement begins. For Mr. Hamilton knows where to look for the raw material of history, and how to make it into a picture by the use of what he calls "the third eye"—the eye of imagination.

Their first expedition is to a ploughed field where, many centuries before, there had been a New Stone Age workshop. Here they have the thrill of finding their first flint implements, and of realising the skill of prehistoric craftsmen.

Next their "third eyes" see Ancient Britons in a hilltop camp and afterwards, while they trace, a Roman road across the fields, they visualise Roman soldiers, British peasants, herdsmen, and slaves who used that road.

Driving the youngsters round the district in his old car, Mr. Hamilton shows them old bridges,

a Saxon church, a Norman castle, an abbey—always bringing the bygone builders to life for them. So, in company with this genial historian, Brian and Ann make an entertaining journey down the centuries—and all in a small area of the English countryside.

The book, well illustrated with photographs, contains several useful hints for young history students.

You can, for instance, identify Tudor bricks in a building by measuring them with a halfpenny. They were only two inches thick, and a halfpenny is just an inch in diameter.

If you see an 18th-century lamp you can say it burned whale oil and was smoky because paraffin was not used for lamps until the middle of the 19th century—well after gas lighting had begun.

All this and much more useful information is interwoven with Mr. Robins' pleasant yarn. His book is a reminder that all round us, in town and country, lie silent witnesses of our ancestors' ways of life. To recognise and understand them is to gain a true appreciation of history.

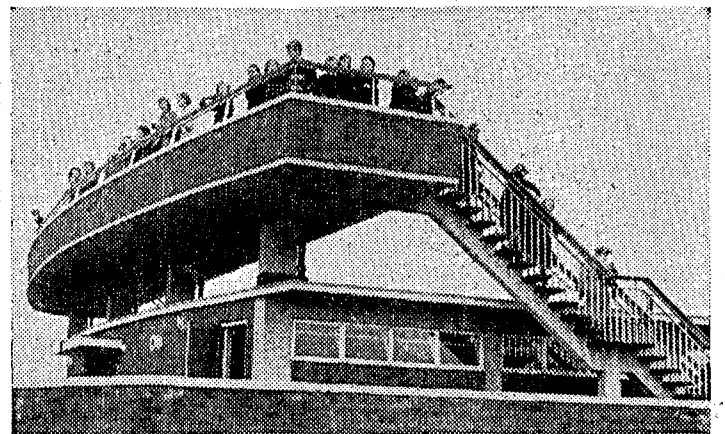
## Founder of industrial chemistry

One hundred years ago an 18-year-old London chemistry student, William Henry Perkin, found out how to make dye from coal-tar. It was the discovery which led to the growth of most of the world's organic chemistry industry, and the centenary of this event is commemorated by an exhibition at London's Science Museum.

William's father, a builder, wanted him to become an architect, but the lad insisted on a career in chemistry. In the home-made laboratory he had fitted up, he was trying to make artificial quinine when he found how to produce the colouring matter now called mauveine. From this discovery have come not only the synthetic dyestuffs industry, but textile and rubber chemicals, plastics and man-made fibres. He may justly be called the father of modern industrial chemistry.

Young William established works near Harrow for the manufacture of his new dye. But English commercial men at that time were slow to recognise its importance. But the Germans quickly took it up, and were the first to develop an enormously rich industry.

Later in life William made other notable contributions to chemistry. He was knighted in 1906, and died next year at the age of 69.



### At the world's crossroads

The new Public Enclosures on the roof of the Passenger Terminal at London Airport were opened recently. They include restaurants, shops, and this spotter's platform, with a fine view of the airfield.

## VANCOUVER'S 70 CROWDED YEARS

Few cities in the world have grown at such a speed as Vancouver, in British Columbia, which recently celebrated its 70th birthday.

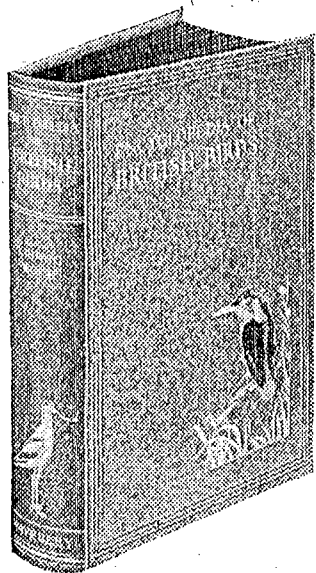
When the "town" was incorporated in 1886 it was little more than a forest clearing with a few buildings in two streets—and these were destroyed by fire in the same year. The population was less than 2000. Today, with 600,000 people, Vancouver is Canada's third largest city, and has one of the finest natural harbours in the world. It has 109 parks, 980 miles of streets, 64,000 houses—including skyscrapers with helicopter roofs.

In the last century the little community began its industrial life with a couple of sawmills and a small factory supplying them with lubricating oil made from fish. Now there are 1200 factories, and also giant canneries processing fish for the world's markets.

During the town's first year as a port only 23 ships arrived. In 1955 the number was nearly 2000. The first school, in 1886, had 97 pupils, but today there are 60 schools attended by over 50,000 boys and girls.

Vancouver has indeed lived up to its motto: "By sea and land we prosper."

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Edited by

**LUDWIG KOCH**

Encyclopedia of

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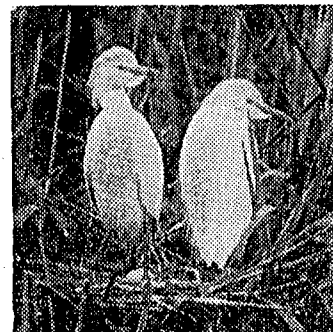
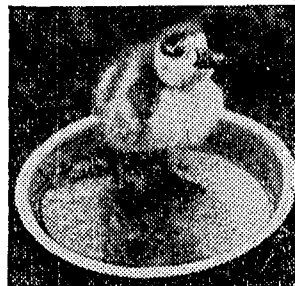
LUDWIG KOCH, who has made the study of birds his life's work, is best known to us for his wonderful recordings of birds' songs and calls. Now, with the help of 50 other eminent contributors, he has compiled in this one comprehensive volume ALL the subjects on which those interested in bird life are likely to require information.

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## FISH FOR THEM

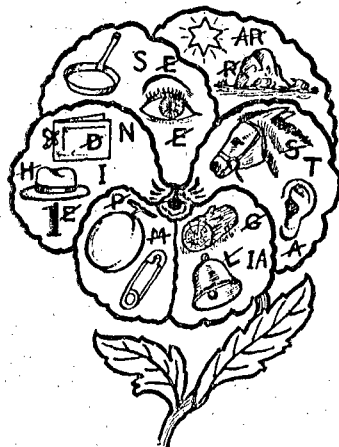
*Answer in column 5*

## BONE OF CONTENTION

"No, ma'am, it's my backbone."

### NAME THE FLOWERS

Six flowers are represented here.  
Can you say what they are?



## WAIT FOR IT

"Well, if you don't know, what are you doing standing in the queue?"

## BEDTIME TALE

## THE MOUSE THAT NOBODY LIKED

"Go away, horrid mouse with the elephant's nose," cried the

JANE THORNICROFT

## JACKO TAKES A TUMBLE



Mother had taken up the stair carpet to give it a good dusting. Well beaten, it was ready for replacing, so Jacko and Baby offered their aid. In fact, they volunteered to do the whole job themselves. Mother left them to it, but a few minutes later she heard a shriek and a series of bumps. She was just in time to see Jacko fall in a heap at the foot of the stairs, with Baby gleefully sliding down to join him. Jacko had had his back to the stairs but he was careless and missed his footing. It made him wish that he had turned his back on the job much, much sooner!

## WHAT AM I?

And you have one, also (you'd like me to know). *Answer in column 5*

## TEASER

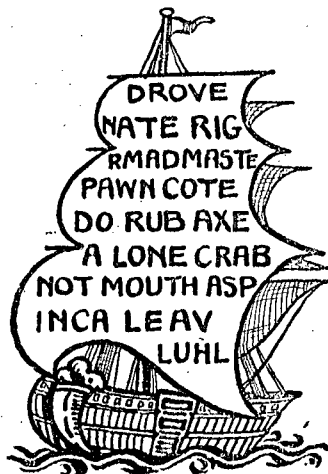
WHAT corn can farmers never plant?

## ABSORBING IDEA

"Please, Mummy," pleaded the little girl, "don't rub so hard; just blot me."

### PORTS OF CALL

**T**HE strange names on this old ship can be re-arranged to make nine familiar ports at home and abroad. Can you name them?



## FIRST THINGS FIRST

"Well, look around and see if you can find one now, and then we can start the game."

## OTHER WORLDS

will appear at half-past ten on Friday evening, May 25.

## NAME ME

DUG from the mountainside  
or washed in the glen,  
Servant am I or master of men.  
Earn me, I bless you;  
Steal me, I curse you;  
Grasp me and hold me,  
A fiend shall possess you.  
Lie for me, die for me,  
Covet me, take me—  
Angel or devil—  
I'M JUST WHAT YOU MAKE  
ME.

## NO PEACE

*This little poem—a boy's lament that he has not the same freedom as the wild creatures—was written by Anthony Battersbury, a 12-year-old pupil at Monkton Combe Junior School, near Bath.*

**T**HE squirrel leapt from tree to tree,  
Waving his bushy tail at me.  
When somebody called "It's time  
for tea!"  
Oh! lucky, lucky squirrel.

A pheasant stood upon the mound,  
And several others pecked around.  
Someone will call me, I'll be bound,  
Oh! lucky, lucky pheasant.

The badgers gambolled by their  
sett,  
The funniest thing encountered  
yet.  
"Come in at once, you're getting  
wet!"  
Oh! lucky, lucky badgers.

### DEFINITION

**L**IGHT work: Building castles in the air.

## SPOT THE . . .

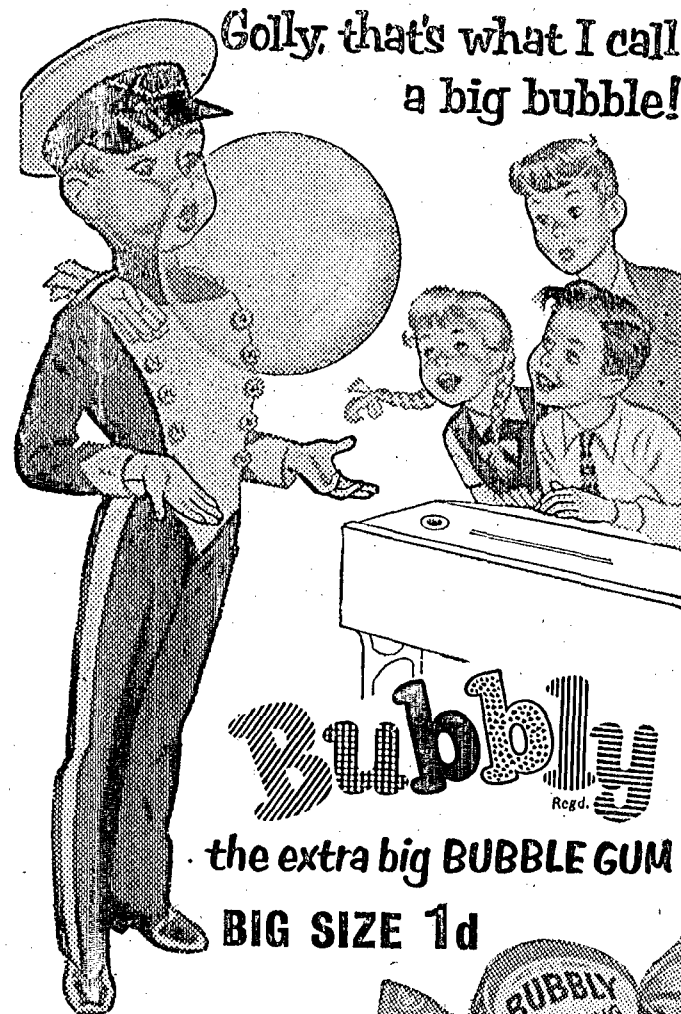
inches long. The colouring is dull green above and silver below. During early summer, however, the males are arrayed in gorgeous reds and greens. Each builds a small nest in which his wives lay their eggs. Over this home the stickleback mounts guard. Many creatures seek to eat the eggs, but their guardian is determined, and the eggs usually hatch after nine days.

## ANSWERS TO QUIZ CORNER

1. A smooth, pearly coating on the inner side of the shells of pearl oysters, mussels and other soft-shelled creatures called molluscs. It is an extra protection for their delicate bodies and because of its attractive colours and high polish is used in making buttons and other fancy goods.
2. 78 feet by 36 feet.
3. 43.
4. A survey of the land of England compiled in 1086 on the orders of William the Conqueror. On taking possession of his new kingdom he needed the information to determine just how much rent or tax each place should pay.
5. Glasgow and Liverpool.
6. Founded in 1833 by Sir William Smith.

## BRAN TUB ANSWERS

Bordeaux; Barcelona; Southampton; Valencia; Hull  
Name me. Gold



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